

The Tragedie of Hamlet

beast, tis not so, it begins with *Pirbus*, the rugged *Pirbus*, he whose
fable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'omynous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and empast with the parching streetes
That lend a tirratus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cis'd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Pirbus*
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes; so proccede you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good

Play. Anon he finds him, (discretion,

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
Pirbus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerved father fals:

Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirbus* eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirbus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirbus* pause,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Myses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eternel,
With lesse remorse then *Pirbus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Prince of Denmark

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune
In generall sinod take away her power
Breake all the spokes, and follies
And boule the round naue down
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barbers with
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or

Play. But who, a woe, had seem'd

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and
With *Bison* rehome, a clout vppo
Where late the Diadem stood, a
About her lanck and all ore-tear
A blancket in the alarme of feare
Who this had scene, with tongue
Gainst fortunes state would treat
But if the gods themselues did se
When she saw *Pirbus* make mali
In mincing with his sword her h
The instant burst of clamor that
Vnlesse things mortall moue t
Would haue made milch the bu
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not t
eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee f
Good my Lord will you see th
heare, let them be well vsed, f
Chronicles of the time; after y
bad Epitaph then their ill repor

Pol. My Lord, I will vse the

Ham. Gods bodkin man, muc
fert, & who shall scape whipping
and dignity, the lesse they deser
ty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, weel